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To

William F. Jordan

with kind regards

of

B. J. Durward

Xmas - 1890.



(Genoa)

Durand, Ben Isaac

CRISTOFERO COLOMBO.

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CRISTOFERO COLOMBO.

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

ALEXANDER MITCHELL.

PREFACE.

The following poem was begun many years ago, and laid aside, the writer thinking that the subject was too great for his ability. Lately, however, without changing his opinion, but having more leisure, he was induced to take it up again and had part of it printed, dedicating it to the writer of this

LETTER.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 15, 1882.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR DURWARD :

I am in receipt of your very welcome favor.

I doubt not you will produce an epic poem worthy of the theme you have selected and of your own reputation ; but I feel that its dedication to me would be an honor altogether beyond my deserts. However, I none the less appreciate this evidence of your partiality.

I shall be very glad to see you here at any time you may find it convenient to come.

Yours very truly,

ALEX. MITCHELL.

In attempting to make it a Christian epic, excluding the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology which the great Polytheistic poets used, very properly, in the celestial machinery of their wonderful works, and which even the *Christian* Tasso, Camoëns and Milton have not kept out of their great poems, and also the wish to strike at *Atheistic pessimism*, the writer, some think, has gone too far towards the opposite extreme, viz. : Theistic Optimism. He who reads it to the end (which no base man will) may judge for himself.

Those acquainted with the higher literature say that there can be but one epic (the subject—a great character and a great

action) for one language and country. And it has also been said that there will be no more epics; that a new one appearing now, would be looked upon as a public calamity; that we have no time to wade through the twelve books of, say, "Paradise Lost" (in which it is thought Lucifer is the great hero, and the degradation of the human race the great work). Be this as it may, *the Columbiad* has yet to be written; but, until a better is produced here, this "Cristofero Colombo," which can be read in one hour (if the reader do not pause to think too much) may stand for Wisconsin.

"The Glen," Columbia Co., Wis., 1889.





Of history and tradition thousands four
Of years had passed before our era came,
Whose term, two thousand, now is near an end.

One thousand more, the true millennium,
Will soon begin and make seven thousand years.

The number six is pain and toil and hope,
The seven is light and joy and peace divine.



I.

THE DEPARTURE.

(APOLOGY, PURPOSE, "MATER SALVATORIS," DEPARTURE,
RELIGION, SOCIETY, MAN.)

II.

THE GLOOMY OCEAN-SEA.

(FEAR BEFORE AND BEHIND, THE COMPASS, PESSIMISTIC,
OPTIMISTIC, TRAINING SCHOOL, SELF, MIGHT IS
RIGHT, LAW, THE HERBY SEA.)

III.

SAN SALVADOR.

("LAND," --PERHAPS, MUTINY, HUSH! HOPES AND FEARS,
ICONOCLAST, PERSONIFICATION, LAND, HE TAKES
POSSESSION, THE INDIANS, SAN SALVADOR,
OCT. 13th, 1492, EPILOGUE.)

APOLOGY.

I stand upon Columbian soil,
My lowly shed from winter shields us,
The earth with little thought or toil
Abundant sustenance doth yield us.

Along these fertile hills my flock
Is well supplied with herbage green,
The grapes are purpling 'gainst the rock
And lower down with golden sheen
The maize in wondrous ranks is seen.

The symbol of Salvation hangs
Upon our rough unplastered wall,
Great sign of Faith, and deathless Love,
For mankind sunk through Adam's fall.

Who found this land whereon we breathe,
And love and sing and work and pray ?
Who from dark Ocean's vast domain
Won this New World to Christian day ?

Of him in gratitude I sing,
His toils and triumphs 'round me throng,
I close my eyes to present things
And launch upon the waves of song.

PURPOSE.

As Homer sang of fierce Achilles' rage,
Of Helen's beauty and its fatal fruit
The noble Hector's death and Ilion's doom,
That blotted Troya from the face of earth ;

As Virgil sang Eneas and his toils,
The Carthaginian Dido's tragic love,
And planting of the mighty Roman race ;

As Portuguese Camoëns, brave and poor,
Sang of Da Gama and his brethren bold
Who first around the Cape of Tempests sailed,
Through spectres, darkness, cold, and raging waves,
And found the regions of the rising Day,
And with the new-found thundering cannon's roar,
Startled the demon-gods of ancient Ind ;

As Tasso, the ill-starred in love, of those
Who bled to liberate Jerusalem :

Grand stories that are tossed from tongue to tongue,
Losing or gaining beauty by the way
Until they reach the universal speech,
The future language of the human race—

So I, a greater Hero, now essay
To sing, a purer purpose, nobler deed,
More perilous, of larger consequence,
Than ever yet the Epic Muse hath known.

Ah! that our greater Eastern bards should die
And leave the splendid task to such as I!

The theme is vast as Ocean ; yet I shall,
Haply against the Epopean Cañon,
From blue Olympus no vain aid implore ;
The watery-bearded Neptune, uninvoked,
Mong pearly shells and ever-shifting sand,
His helpless trident, red with briny rust,
May idly swing like sea-weed in the heave
Of under-waves, far in the twilight deep :
Nor pagan god nor goddess, chance, or fate,
Shall urge or thwart these frail but daring keels ;
Man's spirit and the elements sublime,
Adverse or favorable, and o'er all,
For inspiration and supreme control
The sleepless Providence of Him who made
The sea, the earth, the sun, the universe,
Shall here instead sole potency display,
All other from my vision fades away.

MATER SALVATORIS.

His power it is that from Thy bosom beams,
 O Sacred Mother, ever pure and bright,
 Who dwellest, wrapt in radiance, near the throne
 Of thy Eternal Son, Spouse, Father—God!
 Crowned with a diadem whose healing rays
 Cheer the dark dwellers of this under-world
 And kindle love through dear humanity!

To Thee I lift my feeble voice—to Thee,
 By whose protection and all-powerful prayer
 The Man-elect was urged upon the waves
 To find a World and plant the blessed Rood
 Upon its verdant bosom; O, to me,
 Thy most unworthy client, deign to lend
 Strength to my heart and spirit that I may
 In fitting numbers tell again the story!

Be Thou my Muse, O Mater Salvatoris!
 That for this favored region which he found,
 This Terra Sanctæ Crucis, where Thy Son
 Is present on ten thousand altars now,
 Hidden 'neath mystic sacramental veil,
 At which adoring millions bend the knee,
 A song not all unworthy may arise
 Of him who guided was by Thine and Thee
 Through storm and worse than storm—ingratitude—
 Yet lifted surely into Paradise.

DEPARTURE.

In sight of the Atlantic Ocean, high
 On a steep promontory, girdled well
 With vineyards, fig trees, and its summit crowned
 By the pine forest, a white convent stands,
 Just half a league from Palos, yet scarce seen,
 Like a dove's nest among the cypresses,
 Save that its belfry, higher than the trees,
 Points like Hope's finger upward to the sky.

The fragrance of the lavender and thyme,
 And farwell blossoms of the wilding rose,
 Floats round this dwelling of St. Francis' sons,
 And they, espoused to holy poverty,
 Exhale the sweetness of a pious life.

Within this high-perched convent—Rabida—
 The chosen man, Cristofero Colombo—
Dove, Carrier of Christ, most fitly named—
 Awakened by the rustling of the pines,
 Whose ever-verdant tops with cones begemmed.
 Are by the expected land breeze gently stirred,
 Knows by his practised ear the wind is fair,
 For sweeping forth his caravels to sea.

He rises calmly from a stinted sleep,
 In that poor cell made dear by suffering,
 Tightens the seraph-cord about his waist,
 To bind a "panther" of which Dante speaks,
 And on his body makes the sacred sign,
 While looking upward to that heavenly chart,
 Which he, by its own light, so oft has read,
 When on the lonely bosom of the deep.

Midnight has passed but morning has not dawned;
 The earth seems dead; the stars, like living things,
 Watch silently the dim and slumbering world,
 Passing like spirits, passionless and calm,
 Across the sleepless eyes of those in pain,
 Who look in languor for the tardy day.

What day is this to be ? One ever deemed,
 By those who sail on seas, ill-omened, drear,
 Unlucky to embark, or to begin
 Journey on land, or voyage on the deep.

Bnt soul and purpose make the time accord ;
 To his enlightened and heroic faith,
 So high above all superstitious fear,
 No other day could better be than this.

One thousand and four hundred ninety-two :
 So many times has whirled our lightsome earth,
 Since Christ was born, 'round the life-giving sun.

The third hour of the third day of the month
 Of August—near the time when vineyards yield
 A grateful recompense to those who toil—
 To his long toil the vintage is in view.

Friday, the day on which the God-Man died.
 The day on which Godfrey of Bouillon
 In Palestine the Holy Tomb delivered,
 The day that Isabella of Castile
 Granada from the Moor. This wished-for morn,
 So steadfastly desired, so long delayed,
 At last must sprinkle with its new-born light
 The tideless sea and Andalusia's shore.

Awake, then, Father Juan, true and tried !
 Offer the sacrifice before day dawn
 And give Communion as Viaticum,
 To one who is about to leave the world—
 To leave the Old world and to find the New.

Through the high window panes and through the trees
 The altar-lights of Rabida are streaming
 Down on the harbor where the drowsy guards
 Scarce know if they are lights of earth or heaven
 That strike the rigging of the caravels,
 Santa Maria, Nigna, Pinta, there
 Riding at anchor, waiting for the breeze
 And the Commander, near the shore of Palos.

Thanksgiving made, and these two friends alone,
 As the last stars are fading from the sky.

Before the pennons of advancing day,
 Descend the hill in silence of deep thought ;
 And soon the voices of the pilots' wake
 The inmates of the houses all around ;
 Windows and doors fly open, and the cry,
 From sobbing mothers, wives and children comes :
 " They go! they go! we ne'er shall see them more! "
 Weeping they run to bid their fond adieus
 And lingering, sadly watch them leave the beach.

Colombo, pressing to his grateful heart
 The good Franciscan, cannot speak a word,
 But with his silent tears bids him farewell
 And jumps into the cutter that awaits
 To bear him to the Santa Maria's deck.

On board received with honor, from the poop
 He glances o'er with comprehensive eye
 The small flotilla, marks the Cross of Green
 Beneath the crown and 'twixt the *I* and *F*,
 Which is the banner of the expedition
 That from the Pinta and the Nigna float ;
 But from the mainmast up above his head,
 The royal flag, the standard of the Cross,
 Our Savior's image fastened to the tree,
 Waves in the breeze and streams towards the West.

He sees the tears drop from the sailors' eyes,
 He knows their fears and fain would comfort them,
 And ere the anchors are drawn up he tries
 To share with them his own courageous hope.

" All ye who 'gainst your own desire are pressed
 To aid me in this voyage, hear my words !
 God is above us, He our Pilot is !
 The darkness of this world is light to Him,
 And not a hair from off your heads can fall
 Without His will, His knowledge and His love.

The gloom which fancy, born of ignorance,
 O'erspreads as with a pall the vast unknown
 Will soon be scattered, and your wondering eyes

Shall see the sun, whose rays upon this sea
Sparkle in myriads like living gems—
Cheer other lands with his benignant smile.

You think it hard thus to be torn apart
From parents, wives and little ones and friends ;
You might have been as soldiers pressed to fight—
And great it is to fight and bleed and die
When justice and our country call us forth,
But many bleed in vain in wars unjust
Led out to slaughter and be slaughtered, when
Their inmost souls have shuddered at the wrong.

A happier and a brighter lot is yours,
A country for your country we may win ;
The humblest seaman in this little fleet
May share the glory of the enterprise,
And neither shed nor lose one drop of blood.

Not as in Epics of old times we read
Of lawless lust and bloody conflicts dire
Go we, my friends, to rapine and revenge ;
Our aim is higher. Not for woman's love
Plow we the traceless furrow on the deep—
We leave our loves at home to weep and pray ;
We war but with the elements, which God
Will temper to our barques' fragility.

We go like doves that through the sea of air
Carry beneath their swiftly throbbing wings
The light of liberty to dungeoned men!
We go to carry Jesus' name to lands
Whose peoples, in his precious image formed,
Have never heard the tidings of great joy.
O, what a work is ours! The mightiest prince
That ever sat upon an earthly throne,
Could he behold what I in vision see—
And what by God's good grace you soon shall see—
Would gladly leave his state and jeweled chair
To stand upon this deck where now we stand.

Hoist up the anchors, then, and in the name
Of Jesus Christ be all the sails unfurled!
And when our prows begin to cut the waves,
Send up our hearts and voices in a hymn!"

Serenely to the crowd upon the shore
 He sends his salutation ; and his hand
 To Juan Peres bids once more "Addio !"

Slowly the caravels get under way,
 But still the murmur from the crowded beach
 Grows fainter and at length is wholly lost,
 As many voices tuned by faithful hearts,
 Though sad and sinking, for the future fearing,
 This hymn, in music now forgotten, sing :

"Salve Regina! Virgin ever blest,
 Our life, our sweetness, and our hope, all hail!
 Fountain of mercy, from thy stainless breast,
 Pour forth the prayer that shall for us avail.

"To thee we cry, poor banished sons of Eve,
 Mourning and weeping in this vale of tears;
 Ah! as we now our home and country leave,
 In flame our love and banish all our fears!

"Most gracious Advocate, upon us bend
 Those eyes of Pity which our Savior gave!
 Bring thou our voyage to a happy end,
 Guide us in safety o'er the unknown wave!

"Keep, keep the loved ones whom we leave awhile,
 That they may welcome our returning sail!
 The sigh will then be changed into a smile
 And sobs to songs—Bright Queen of Heaven, all hail!

"O, Dearest Mother! when we pass the tomb,
 Our exile ended, our true life begun,
 Show us the blessed Fruit of thy pure womb,
 Whose name we carry toward the setting sun!

"Salve Regina! O'er the trackless deep
 Brighten our skies and send the favoring gale—
 Spain's shores recede, and as we gaze we weep,
 Mother of Jesus! Queen of Sorrows, hail!"

RELIGION.

Spain's shores recede : the well-built caravals,
 Under the management of able men—
 Martin Alonzo Pinzon of the *Pinta*,
 And Vincent Yanez Pinzon of the *Nigna*—

Slide through the yielding waters of the sea,
 Urged by the favoring invisible wind,
 With crews of thirty men and twenty-four.
 And food for twelve months stowed within their holds.

But we in the *Santa Maria*, sail
 With the great Admiral and sixty-four
 Seamen, physicians, officers of state,
 A Jew, interpreter, who speaks in Hebrew,
 Armenian, Latin, Coptic, Greek, Arabic ;
 An Irishman, an Englishman from Britain,
 One a Majorcan, two are Portuguese,
 With different dispositions and desires,
 Some high, some low, some narrow and some broad ;
 The deepest, largest, highest, sure is he,
 Who to his cabin goes and shuts the door,
 And on his knees falls down and weeping prays :

"O God, Eternal ! Wisest, greatest, best !
 At last we westward sail upon Thy sea.

If I have been impatient of delays,
 Indignant at a hundred hindrances,
 Scattered through eighteen years of penury,
 I now do clearly see that this Thy Time,
 Is right and good, and neither late nor soon,
 For Thou art God. And as for me, henceforth
 I linger not, nor hasten ; ample space
 By Thee is given for all that is to be,
 And happy is my soul that in all things
 I see Thy blessed Will, forever good.

Lord, keep my sovereign Lady, Isabella,
 And her illustrious consort, Ferdinand,
 With all I hold of Thee, wife, children, friends,
 Until with wondrous tidings we return
 To strengthen more their piety and love !

O, I remember—and with such a joy !
 When on me flashed the central thought—all light—
 Of its necessity—I found that land !
 Led by Thy power I found that unknown land—
 Land without contour, colorless and dim,

Yet rich and wonderful, peopled with souls,
For whom Christ lived and died and lives again ! ”

Then rising from his knees, Colombo, there,
Begins his Record of each day's events,
One for himself—another for the crew ;
For when the mind is dark, what words can wake
Courage or hope ? These men who work the ships,
Have not the light that gives him confidence,
They cannot bear the truth he might impart,
And so are not entitled to the truth.

Hence he will keep two Records, one for them,
To lessen still their fears, noting the facts
That tell for hope, winning their trust that all
Goes well—the other, all the truth he sees,
For his own guidance and the common weal.

On deck 'tis pleasanter to be and watch
How the coquettish *Nigna* dips and swings,
Like to a showy swimmer when he turns
His cheek towards the wave ; the loggish *Pinta*
Bores through the water making little show,
Like one who cuts the liquid with his chin.

All three keep near together, and are steering
For the Hesperian Islands—off the coast
Of Africa—some twelve degrees southwest.

New to the Ocean, and with feet that need
The help of hands, the surgeon, Doctor Juan,
Shy, yet kind-hearted, good to the distressed,
But born and bred in city far inland,
Is wondering at the sea, the sky, the ships ;
Leaning his slender form against the mast,
Upwards he casts his great dark eyes and mutters :

“ Heavens, what a scene is spread before me now !
And what a subject for a poet's pen !
The sailing clouds, the blue upon the waves,
The loneliness, the mystery we move to,
The vast sublimity above, below,
Colored by hopes and fears, we know not what.

Just as a child that first begins to walk,
 I poise myself to suit the gentle heave,
 The undulating motion, where no step
 Is taken by the creature that you ride,
 Rather as angels may be thought to fly,
 With outspread, moveless wings, we float along.

In misty meeting of the sky and ocean,
 The land is lost behind us ; on the right
 The sun in blinding splendors sinks adown
 To light, perchance, the unknown world we seek,
 Which far in double darkness now may lie.

We seem the center of this watery plain.
 With one vast circle the horizon rings
 Our small unsteady footing, where a plank
 Beneath our feet enables us to breathe
 Above the mystery of speechless death.

It seems I should not live unless I think,
 God, the Eternal, the Omnipotent,
 Is the All-loving, the All-wise, the Just,
 Who has created all things in their beauty,
 Places, sustains, continues, lights and guides,
 By everlasting light, and joy and peace,
 All that is fit for light and peace and joy.

He works through all eternity and space,
 And never tires, for He is perfect power,—
 Perfect activity is perfect rest.

In love He works, for Love and only Love
 Can make or keep that which is made and kept,
 Or change to what is better by the change.

On mere exterior things I cannot dwell.
 I try to pierce this mystery of life
 I try to poise my soul to rest on Truth ;
 I, too, explore, and on an Ocean sea,
 Wider than this o'er which Colombo plows,
 Where neither ships with sails, nor tempest winds,
 Nor eagles' wings can waft me. Mind alone
 Can wander up and down this viewless realm,
 Nearing sometimes a state which is not life,

Yet far removed from death, as noisy time
Is from the eternal calm of blessed Heaven.

I strive to rest my spirit upon Truth ;
Divine light only can reveal the Truc.
Love, Wisdom, Might Supreme, who formed the sun,
The earth, the moon and stars, who fills all space,
Who governs everything and is obeyed
By all forever—all unconsciously
As stones, and trees, and birds, and beasts and air ;
Or consciously, as I and all mankind.
His is the light that lights all human beings,
His chosen, highly favored instruments,
To think and feel and do, that which is done."

But here is Fernand Peres Matheos,
Still discontented, though a volunteer,
And quick to find among the forced on board,
The sad, unquiet and rebellious ones.

"I cannot help but pity these poor men,
I cannot help but hate the government
That forces them to travel in the dark
And helps the one who leads them into darkness ;
From misery to misery they move.
This world for them has been a vale of tears,
And now it is an ocean of distress.

They murmur that there is no priest on board—
If anyone were sick and like to die
That he might die without the sacraments."

To which the gentle surgeon: "There are men,
There is a sort of men who cannot help
But murmur through the desert of their lives,
And we as human beings sympathise,
Even when we know there is no cure for such
Save through some pain of body or of soul.

The ruler of the land has sent them here,
Obedience and allegiance is their part,
He who protects them is responsible.

How painful 'tis to every noble mind

To have unwilling service from a man !

But for fulfillment of his mighty purpose
Loud disobedience and rebellion rather
Were far more pleasant to the Admiral.

Tell them that Heaven is kind and merciful.
That many die at night without the priest,
That God is everywhere, yet they will murmur ;
And if headwinds in hurricane would drive
The vessels back to land they would be glad,
Yet not in haste perhaps to go to church,
Or take the good advice a priest would give.

Not many think what their religion is ;
These men believe that muttering certain prayers
Inside a church and by their neighbors seen,
Is the chief thing ; *interior* and *exterior*,
They jumble both confusedly together ;
And when they cannot have the old routine
They think their faith is gone and God is dead—
A creed not strong enough for men at sea,
In desolation, solitude and storm."

" For one, I have not thought that God is dead,
The death and suffering he leaves to us,
Fire burns and water drowns, and tyrants rule ;
These men have had to toil all through their lives
They had no time to learn the mysteries,
Therefore the priests, too, should have come along.

Even I, who managed to escape from work,
Did never yet know deep theologies,
But I can see the rich above the poor
And fortune showering gifts with lavish hand
On those who by the accident of birth
Were born of such and such, or here, or there,
Or by some chance have done a showy deed,
Praised by their friends high over its desert."

To which the surgeon—tho' to ears too dull
And mind too muddy for the light to enter :

" Birth is no accident to any one.
No deed was ever yet too highly praised :

These men you speak for and yourself likewise
 Will get all the theology you need
 At every step. Here, let me be your teacher!

Theology, uncommon common sense,
 In a dogmatic form I cannot give,
 But I have been, where now I think you are,
 Alive to evil—somewhat blind to good.

After some thought, I satisfy my heart
 And take a wide view of the matter, thus,—

Religion is a twofold mystery :
 Its first and highest, deepest, holiest part
 Is surely in the *thought* that God is God,
 The Good, Wise, Mighty Maker of all things ;
 The sense of *awe* man feels within his soul
 In presence of the eternal beauty—Truth,
 Wisdom and Power, profusely 'round him strewn ;
 The *gratitude* of heart and *love* for Him
 Who gives him all he has or is of good,
 For which he sings in praise and weeps in joy
 And bows his being to His sacred will,
 In mute, half-conscious, loving adoration.

All have this, savage man or civilized,
 Some less, some more, according to His gift.

The light that never shone on land, or sea,
 Pierces the soul of every human being ;
 From this the worship of the spirit springs,
 Dependent not on books, or times, or places,
 Darkness or light, or grief or joy, or wealth
 Or health, or poverty, or vice, or virtue.
 It is God's light that lighteneth every man
 Interiorly, that cometh in the world.

And next : Religion is a true
 Social necessity, depending on
 Times, temples, places, priests and holy things,
 Dress, ceremonies, attitudes, traditions,
 And certain creeds for certain people's fit ;
 A law exterior and conventional,
 Whose source is also God's light in the mind,
 That man may worship in community,

Strengthening the social bond by cords from Heaven.

The hermit in the desert has the first,
Mary of Egypt, too, and millions more,
And we here, also, on this caravel,
Have very little else ; but 'tis enough."

"I care not much, it is enough for me.
Sick of society I long have been,
And so have left its rottenness behind me.
If land be found and human beings there,
Though black or blue, or yellow, red or green,
I think I never shall return to Spain.

If India be discovered we get gold,
But as for glory from the enterprise,
How much would be my share if he succeed ?
As much as the poor soldiers get, perhaps,
When they hear read : ' The rank and file fought well ;
It was a splendid victory—the foe
Fled, leaving thousands dead upon the field—
Sir Julius Eaglesbeak is made a prince."

"And what more could you claim of right, dear sir ?
Have you laid plans, and thought for twenty years
How to discover lands unknown ? and borne,
In patient poverty, the sneers of men
Reputed wise by those who had the power
To further or to hinder your design ? "

Here Juan saw that by his restless eyes
His hearer did not relish what he said,
And willing to break off the conversation,
Matheos went to more congenial mates.

On drive the vessels with a brisker wind,
The sun is hid, the lower western sky
Is glowing with the palest emerald,
And higher up a living sapphire gleams ;
Grey level bars along the sky-line rest
And over these, all fringed with golden fire,
Masses of cloud are slowly tumbling

Into such shapeless shapes as oft we see
In fantasy or dream.

We gaze and gaze
Till all the tints, with one another mingling,
Grow dim, as when an artist-painter cleans
His palette, and the residue of colors
Smears into something colorless and dull.

The night is on us and the lonely lights,
Out of the empty-seeming womb of space,
Emerge with cold unsympathetic ray.
The waves lap, lap, along the vessel's sides,
Up in the rigging sighs the wind and we
Move drearily upon the ocean's face—
The deep, dark trembling mirror of the stars.

SOCIETY.

Slowly upon the left the morning light,
Chasing the fainting stars into the blue,
Spreads o'er the sky and cheers the hearts of men ;
For on this day they trust to see and touch
The Isles Hesperian, which were thought of old
To be the earthly Paradise where man
Sprang into being by his Maker's breath.

All, save the ones who were the watch at night,
Are up on deck and joy springs with the dawn,
For those who have already seen the isles
And those who only wish their feet on land.

The pilots think the vessels off their way,
That they have drifted leeward in the night,
That they may drive towards Saint Brandan's Isle
Where monstrous giants dwelt and hurricanes
Sweep every ship or boat or floating thing
Far into horrid gulfs to man unknown.

The great Colombo, watching night and day,
More than the pilots or the appointed watch,
Each thing both great and small in sea or air,
Declares the vessels in their proper course ;

Though somewhat separated in the night,
They shout from deck to deck that all is well.

What varied thoughts and feelings have these men !
There is not work for all the working ones,
And being purposeless and idle, too,
Their minds return to Andalusia,
To mothers, sisters and to dearer ones ;
The grasping speculator thinks of wealth,
Honor and glory is another's dream,
And the mere spirit of adventure keeps
Some souls so buoyant that their hearts are light ;
Castillo sees the gold in glittering heaps,
Luis de Torres—man of many tongues—
Wonders what language he will have to use
When they shall reach the East of India,
And he, the master mind, may now be thinking
Of millions gathered to the one True Fold,
Unmeasured power and glory unto Spain
And freedom for the Holy Sepulchre.
Some hope, some fear, and some keep dangling
Like to a pendulum between the two ;
The most afraid are the most ignorant,
As children timid grow when it is dark.

“ So far our Board of Health has naught to do :
Save the sea-malady in two or three,
The rest seem better than they were on land.

The Board itself has been a little sick,
And ‘ Medice, Te ipsum ’ was the word.
But now I let my body sink as sinks
The caravel, and as she rises, rise,
And breathe the sea aroma with delight.”

To which Alonzo : “ I am glad to hear
The Doctor Juan has been sick and well,
If for sea-sickness he has found a cure.

Each day the crew and officers have more
Of friendly sympathy with one another,
Which beams through words and looks, and we become,
By self-love and a common hope and fear,

All of one household or community.

Out of material heterogeneous
A high society is slowly formed :
Some common hope of good, some wished-for end,
Some pious purpose men require to keep
Their action in the right determination;
And we who are at one with the Commander,
Already are a friendly company ;
The discontented others are a mob.

In base communities a mob may be
Where the true bond is loosening and the salt
Has lost its savor and must be renewed ;
We are too young here yet to have a mob.

One of our men was with me yesterday,
Who says society in Spain is rotten
And he has left it for the hoped-for land.

In a low state of mind, or lack of health,
Some eyes see little else but sin and wrong ;
The evil that is near is often seen ;
When we are higher on the mountain side
And with clear vision look adown the vale,
Our judgment changes with the wider view ;

We do not see the mud upon the streets,
We see the smoke from smiling villages,
And hear the songs from happy vineyard slopes,
Forget our little troubles and are pleased
That we are held by many human ties.

Lime well prepared and mixed with good sharp sand,
Binds all the particles and makes good mortar,
Which, in its turn, when placed between the stones,
Binds the whole wall, as if 'twere solid rock,
And the great fabric stands thousands of years.

Human society is also bound :
And we shall find that Love in many ways,
Too many to recount, is the cement.

The simplest form, the Human Family—
One man and woman and their children make
The first society ; Love is the bond—
Sexual, Parental, Filial—while it lasts ;

'Tis joy to rule and also to obey,
And nothing ends it but the term of life.

The next where many families agree
To live together in a town, or city,
Under a civil law, which is a bond,
Though not quite so intense and intimate,
Yet still a bond of Love. The third, may be
Political, provincial, national,
And love of country then is the cement :
And all these states are formed for good of men,
The written and unwritten laws that rule them,
Were born of Love and Man's necessities,
And aim at justice and good neighborhood ;
For no society could live one day,
Nor yet be born indeed, unless some bond
Of good, or fancied good, held all the members.

And after these comes the Religious bond,
The highest, deepest and most mysterious.

If a community is one in Faith,
One nationality, and living, too,
In city, town or village, as they please,
Or like to septs or clans, under a chief,
With parents, children, brothers, sisters, kin,
Society is highest harmony.

If in one city there were many faiths,
A separate society—if all
Were equally in earnest—each would form,
Or be compelled to meet on common ground
Of merely secular things ; and often these
Might subtly run to matters spiritual,
And thus a jarring now and then might be,
Though still, the jarring would bring future good.

Through all these states God's government is seen :
God's government is perfect, so is man's,
For man is but an instrument of His,
An imitator of His government—
A government of checks and balances,
And for an end and purpose all divine.

‘ From God all power is, and ordained of Him
 Are all the powers that be ; ’ but power is ta’en
 By Him from one and given to another ;
 And in the transfer of this might, men stand
 Aghast and cry: ‘ This cause is good, that bad ! ’
 ‘ God wills it, ’ or ‘ the evil one is loose ! ’
 Mine is the good, my enemy’s, the evil.

The great oak anchored in the rifted rock,
 With life-force in it of a thousand years,
 Clutching with strenuous cable-roots the earth,
 Struck by the lightning-shot, lies all around,
 A heap of splinters on the shatter’d stones.
 Slowly in secret towards the sky it grew.
 Destruction, seen, and swift and terrible,
 Turns back its beauty into nothingness,
 Leaving the space for other flowers to grow.

Birth, growth, maturity and noontide strength,
 Then fading slowly down the sloping plane,
 The force all spent, but still, God’s work well done.

Tho’ in our common language we are used
 To speak of this as sacred, that, profane,
 Things natural and things divine are one.
 The forces that are checked, the force that checks,
 Spring from one fountain, and that source is Love.
 Nature, or Providence, or Miracle,
 It comes the same from God, and He is just.
 Man’s rule seems short and weak in space and time,
 But just as perfect in its way. Behold!

An army on the battle-field, or sea,
 A hundred thousand of the enemy
 Sends into silence! ’tis the very same
 As when the earthquake, or the pestilence,
 Or frost, or fire, or famine, does the like.

The armies met, the battle raged all day,
 And twenty thousand died upon the field ;
 Both nations claimed a splendid victory
 And sang “ Te Deum ”—and they both were right.

The earthquake split the island and engulfed

A hundred thousand in the smoking rift—
 Both are the act of God—His will be done !
 Through human agents, or the elements !
 Thunder and lightning to the atmosphere,
 And war and bloodshed to the moral world,
 God-ordered elements of government
 And good for plant and animal and man.—
 He forms the light, the darkness, too, He makes,
 And good and evil also He creates,
 And from all evil He educes Good.

The despot rules his people for their weal
 According to his light and their condition,
 And when some others rise and seize his rod
 They do the same, meeting the altered form
 And growth of things, but with another light ;
 Yet still the good of others is the aim.

If I have any rule over myself,
 For good I use it ; if I govern others,
 It is for theirs : and every action springs,
 All that has been, or is, or yet will be
 By God or man, springs solely out of Love.
 And all progression by the mind of man
 Is but to know that God is and is good,
 And see and feel the harmony of things,
 In truth, in beauty and eternal power,
 And have a foretaste of the bliss of Heaven :
 To this high state all tend, some low, some higher,
 All struggling upwards like to flames of fire."

"Hold ! Doctor Juan, turn your eyes this way !
 Yonder, I see a signal of distress
 Hangs from the Pinta ; how she reels about,
 Unmanageable, as if her helm were broke."

The machinations of the sordid owners,
 Rascon, Quintero and accomplices,
 To force their vessel back will not avail,
 For even if wrecked the two would still sail on.

The discontented men on board are glad
 But for a moment. O, if they could turn

The vessels' head about for Moguer Bay
 And push the crippled Pinta back again !
 But when they see or hear the Admiral
 All hope of home returning vanishes.

He sees the whole, but cannot get to her,
 The wind is loud, the waves are running high,
 He knows the accident and remedy,
 Her rudder is in pieces but not lost,
 And Pinzon, too, can patch it up again,
 Binding it well with cordage for the present.

MAN.

“ We cannot by our human reason find
 God's purpose in creating us, and yet
 We know our destiny is in his hand.

We look along the earth and see the mounds
 Of millions who once lived and loved as we ;
 We think of this vast deep beneath our feet
 And know that thousands upon thousands have
 Been swallowed up and never seen again ;
 We look up to the stars and see no souls
 And yet we know our spirits are immortal.

The more I feel the light of Truth, the more
 I love the face of man, and see in him
 The beauty and sublimity divine,
 In which we try to paint the face of God.

The vault above us is a finer blue,
 The warm green earth, beneath the summer sun,
 Becomes a paradise of flowers and fruits ;
 The cold white snow is purer, and the stars
 Are nearer, brighter, and more wonderful—
 It is because our Savior is a man.

All things are beautiful at every moment
 To him who sees them in the proper light ;
 A lesser beauty there, a greater here,

Springing in youth, or drooping to decay.
 Nothing is ugly in the sight of God,
 Nor wrong, nor filthy, for he made them all.

This ocean-sea, beneath the golden light
 That tips each wavelet as it sparkling rises,
 Seems like a soul serene, yet bright with thoughts ;
 And when the winds shall lash it into foam,
 A grander beauty it may then display
 Than if in moveless calm, if such could be.

Among the opening blossoms of the year,
 The sweetly folded rose-bud, how we prize !
 We wish it might remain and never bloom,
 But be a bud forever ; yet the rose
 With crimson petals and a heart of gold
 Spread out to June's blue sky and balmy light,
 Is not less fair ; and when its color fades,
 And on the air its heavenly fragrance dies,
 In a vermilion casket sleep the germs
 That wait for light and warmth of sun and rain,
 To deck the earth again with flowers and leaves.

So lovely, too, the virgin unespoused—
 But not less beautiful—O, surely more—
 Surely most beautiful of human forms,
 The mother's milky bosom and her babe.
 And in another and a higher sense,
 She grows more beautiful from year to year,
 Even when the winter's snow is in her hair,
 And all the roses faded from her cheek.

Man's mind is made for truth, he seeks the light
 As flowers from earth's brown bosom seek the sun ;
 Westward, instinctively, the race is moving,
 As if to have more sunshine to his day.

To every people on the globe God gives,
 Not light to blind them, and not fire to waste,
 But light to walk by, and a fire to warm.

Think you that He would leave his creatures so
 Weltering in error, many thousand years,
 But that the seeming error was the road

To find a true conception of Himself,
 And for each soul salvation that is meet ?
 He made this best-world-possible for man,
 Who, born a helpless infant, grows mature
 In body and in soul through suffering ;
 For every suffering is but pain of growth,
 And for each time that he has been in pain,
 He has rejoiced and smiled a thousand times.
 For every million acts of thoughtful love,
 A hundred erring acts we cannot count—
 Like discords placed in music purposely,
 The harmony the better to enhance.

Each individual of the human race
 Is just as happy as he ought to be
 In every moment of existence here,
 As up he climbs to gain what is for him ;
 Nor does he suffer one pang more or less,
 Than what is absolutely necessary,
 To gain the sweet and fleeting joys of earth,
 Or the serene and lasting bliss of Heaven.

God being good, each thing He makes is good :
 What men call evil he will not permit
 To trouble or annoy the good He makes,
 Unless to draw from this same negative
 A good superior to a previous good ;
 He never hurts unless to, more than, heal.

His blessing planted in the human race,
 The expected crop of virtue always yields
 Through countless ages past and also now,
 And through all time to come while man shall live—
 He makes the soil so suited to the seed.

No one is born before his time, nor lives
 A moment longer than the Lord sees fit ;
 Just at the best each head is harvested,
 Heavy or heavier with golden grain,
 Into the garner of Eternity.

God makes the antecedent elements
 From which He forms a germ for life and growth ;

It fills a certain point of space in time
 To the exclusion of all other things :
 So two can never in the race of life
 Start equal—size and form and vital spring.

In growing, seizing and assimilating
 The truth, the strength and beauty 'round it strewn,
 And meeting the obstructions on its way,
 Each being is unique ; the higher, still
 The more unique. With visage to the light
 He longs for Truth and fears to backward fall
 Into the nothing out of which he sprang—
 Free, in proportion to the truth he holds,
 Free to do what he does, and nothing else :
 Freedom before—necessity behind him.

Except my soul, all else to me is God.
 In Him I live and move, all things are His :
 Though most my good comes through humanity,
 Illumed by Christian faith and hope and love—
 Whatever reaches me must come from Him,
 Through heat or cold, or light or darkness drear,
 Through calm or storm, or truth or lack of truth,
 Through child, or man, or woman, friend or foe,
 Or pain, or pleasure. All that I can feel,
 Or see, or understand, or comprehend—
 All comes sure, though unseen, from Him to me.

There is but God—Maximus Optimus—
 And my own being in the universe :
 And all the myriad actions from without,
 The smiles of day, the frowns of dreadful night,
 Upon my soul and its rejection—or
 Joyful acceptance of them, is through life
 My perfect education up to Heaven.

But pain there must be of necessity ;
 Man's nature, as he grows up from a babe,
 Wants and will have, suffers and will enjoy.
Not having is the pain that must precede
 The pleasure of receiving any gift.
 We feel the pain of hunger ere we eat,
 We feel the parch of thirst before we drink ;

We must be tired before we relish rest,
 The pains of love precede the joys of love ;
 Darkness and fear before the light of hope ;
 Blank unbelief before the gleam of faith ;
 After the gloom of winter, spring is dear.
 We must be wretched ere we can be blest,
 And souls that feel most miserable, will
 Here, or hereafter, have the highest bliss.

All pain of body or of soul must be
 Remedial, always ; and not punitive.
 The surgeon's knife, the bitter medicine,
 That waste, obstructive matter in the path
 Of life and thought and joy, may be removed.

Yet, in the dull and low encasing mist
 Man cannot help but murmur as he suffers.
 Blind to the sacred ministry of pain,
 The pleasant, good he seeks, the unpleasant shuns.
 Yet all his striving since the world began—
 By creeds, by moral codes, by music, art,
 It still remains his mystic patrimony ;
 The good-good and the bad-good, as of old,
 Under all faiths and no faith equally,
 According to the measure of their Truth ;
 Although he cries to Heaven night and day :
 'Why does the sun but light the half our globe
 And not the whole of it continually?
 Why should my life have anything but sweet?
 Why cannot I have honey, light and love,
 Without black bitterness of pain and sorrow?'

The only answer to the childish wail
 Is—'God is God—and what we evil call
He does, permits, that greater good may be.'

Evil is done by men that good may come ;
 But thinking evil evil, they deny it,
 Until they see that sin and wrong must be
 A philosophical necessity.

The Will of God—the only power we know,
 Has been, and is, and will be done for aye ;
 And every action is the will of God.
 Man cannot know His purposes supreme,
 But he is sure they must be all fulfilled
 In justice and in love eternally.
 If God could be defeated in His purpose,
 It is not man could tell of His defeat.
 At any moment, if accounts were squared,
 God nothing owes to man—man all to God.

Whatever God permits cannot be wrong.

When all that is, is seen by the All-seeing,
 No being could exist in sight of Him,
 Who could do evil for the sake of evil,
 Or mar in any way His fair creation.
 If such could be, then God could not be God.

To think that Truth is falsehood, man is wrong ;
 That I myself am wrong, that love is hate,
 That evil for its own sake can be loved,
 That flowers and fruits shall grow towards the dark,
 The face of man divine cannot be seen,
 And all God's radiant universe grows black.

If there could be a pain man had to suffer,
 Through which a greater good could never spring
 Than that he previously possessed—and if
 A man could live his human life and be
 Condemned at death to suffer endless pain,
 Or if a wall of adamant could hide
 In life or death, time or eternity,
 God's light and love from God-created souls,
 Quenching His gift of immortality
 In worse than colorless annihilation—
 That were an *evil* that might blot out God
 From the affections of the human heart.

But man is saved from pain to happiness,
 From nothingness, to somethingness of good,
 From dumb negation to eternal joy.

According to each being's excellence,
 According to the suffering he has borne,
 According to his love and light and faith,
 Will his salvation be. Immense the scale
 From infant to philosopher and Saint !
 Not to be classified as good and bad,
 But high and higher, better still and best.

Man classifies, he cannot equalize,
 Or say with truth : the saved are all alike ;
 Identity must be preserved in each,
 And each be still unlike to every other,
 Yet all alike in one sense—all are saved."

"Juan ! You speak as if it were no matter
 Of what religion any man may be :
 Can there be any more than one true creed ?
 Have we not driven out the Moors from Spain,
 Because they are the false Mohammedans ?"
 "In this you do not understand me, sir !
 Our Spain and Christianity for us,
 Mahomet and Morocco for the Moors.

In the same God all men of sense believe,
 But in conception of His attributes,
 All differ by a just necessity,
 As leaves of forest trees from one another.

Each has that form of Faith that suits him best
 The while he has it, and we must remember
 That while men are on earth and live by bread,
 Their politics and faith are warp and woof.
 While man is partly body, partly soul,
 The temporal and spiritual so mix
 And modify and check and free each other,
 That every war is a religious war,
 And every war, a war political.

Yet we must hold to our exclusiveness,
 'Salvation none extra Ecclesiam ;'
 For without this same, *we alone are right*,
 No institution, or society,
 Could hold together for a day, or hour.

What creed as ever yet brought peace on earth?
 Bloodshed and rapine has through every age,
 Since history began, been among men.
 The pious peoples with the many gods,
 The Hebrews, with but one Jehovah-Lord,
 The Christians with the message of True Peace,
 The follower of Mahomet, with the sword—
 All have had wars to take, or keep their power.

Perhaps a higher creed is needed yet,
 Or, but the highest of the highest used,
 To lift mankind up to the blissful plane,
 Where every one shall feel that God is God,
 That mercy is but justice with a smile,
 Yet shall not cease to wonder and adore.

The mighty Hebrew when he said or sang,
 ‘God made the heavens and earth and all therein,
 And saw that all is good and blest the whole.’

The voice that cries, ‘O, happy sin of Adam!’
 Even if it sound but only once a year,
 Touches the keynote of the highest hymn—
 A hymn that will be sung by man on earth,
 And even beyond the earth, in highest heaven.

But see! the Grand Canaria we are nearing,
 Which has been looming larger every hour
 Above our bowsprit, like a bank of mist:
 There, the Commander orders we shall stay
 Until another vessel can be found
 To take the Pinta’s place. Let us prepare
 To touch the shores of the Hesperides.”

THE GLOOMY OCEAN-SEA.

(PART SECOND.)

FEAR BEFORE AND BEHIND.

No vessel found to take the Pinta's place ;
So after twenty days with change of sails
And a new rudder made we leave these isles,
To face the unknown gloomy Ocean-Sea
Which fear and a distorted fancy fills
Full of grim monsters miles and miles in length,
That in their jaws could take the largest ship
And crush it like an egg-shell. Whirlpools, too,
That spin whatever comes within their rim
And draw it down to darkness and destruction ;
And waterspouts that suck you up in air
And, whirled aloft with fish for company,
Lifeless descend upon the land or sea.

Escaping these a direr hap may come
Seen, or but dreamed of, by some sailor old
And spun into a yarn for gaping ears—

“ As with their tails linked chattering monkeys bridge
A river, from the trees on either bank,
Huge dragons wing to wing, can take the masts,
Cluster them altogether at the top
And thus prevent the caravels from sailing,
Which drift about at mercy of the waves—
Or we may reach the dreaded ‘herby sea,’
Seven times the size of France, forever calm,
Impenetrable fields that no ship yet
Has ever been in and got out entire,
Unless by some mysterious gap or rent
In the vast web that ope's and shuts again,
No mortal knows the how or when or where—
Whose curdled surface woven like a net
With henware, dulse and knotted ocean-grape,

Impede the sharpest prow and thinnest keel
 Though driven even by a hurricane ;
 And so entangled on the stagnant brine—
 Noonday made dark by hideous leathery wings
 Of creatures dragon-like or monstrous bats—
 Stand stock still till they rot, or bottom-bored
 By devilish sword-fish sink and drown the crews
 Whose tongues are parched and black for want of rain.

Thus, with worse fear before and fear behind,
 Courage is needed or to go or stay.

The burning mountain, Peak of Tenneriffe,
 The chimney of some dark infernal fire,
 Has kept the sailors night and day aghast
 By belching smoke and sulphur stench and flame,
 Casting strange lurid gleams along the deep ;
 And yet no grumbler whistles for the wind—
 Unless for one to blow him back to Spain.

Three days becalmed with idly flapping sails
 We now have lingered near these classic isles,
 Nearer to danger from an envious king,
 The enterprising *Rey* of Portugal,
 Than from the elements of earth or air ;
 Had we but galleys we might row away,
 But darkness comes again and holds us fast.
 Some watch, some sleep, some dream of those at home,
 Some pressed by nightmare waken with a cry
 And muttering, 'Ave Maria,' sleep again ;
 Till gladdening day dawns over Africa
 And the sun rises making all things fair.

A gentle breeze springs also with the light :
 Gladly Colombo sees the swelling sails
 In hope they draw him soon from land he knows
 Into the vast mysterious unknown—
 That ere the coming evening may behold
 The heights of Ferro fade and sink adown
 Into the sky line or the distant sea.

Brave by the light of God and hope of good
 And strong in patience, now an instinct grown,
 The Admiral towards the Occident
 Throws his far-searching eyes along the deep,—
 ‘Wherever ship has sailed there have I journeyed
 And now we go where ship has never been
 Within the memory of mortal man,
 Or any extant record that we know.

Westward o’er pathless plains to find the East,
 The vast Cipango rich in precious things,
 Myriads of souls that never heard of Christ,
 Gold, silver, iron, copper, diamonds,
 In radiant realms for which we have no name.

I have no fear for John of Portugal,
 Or the high burning Peak of Tenneriffe ;
 The Mount Vesuvio, presso Napoli,
 I have seen fill the air with clouds of smoke
 And molten lava crawling down its sides ;
 Yet the vinajo when the storm is spent
 And sunny slopes of the huge creature cool,
 Plants hopefully the vines that yield him wine.

But for the sullen smouldering element
 Of discontent among the lower crew
 Which may attempt to cripple the design
 Whose light sustains me in the darkest hour,
 All has gone well toward the glorious end ;
 And when at length the new world shall be found
 Like vineyardist on the volcano’s side
 These men will drink with me the wine of joy.

Yet here and now, alas ! for lack of faith !
 Without some faith there is no ground for hope
 And without hope what man will stir an inch
 Unless for fear ? No comfort in his toil,
 Save the day-wages that his labor yields—
 Has he who does not understand the scheme ;
 An active fight against immediate danger
 Were good for such, but this vague, undefined
 Spectral calamity he cannot see.

It is as difficult to dissipate
As for the sun to ripen empty space.

Thine is the earth and Thine the ocean, Lord !
The force of lightning and the hurricane
Whirl of the pool and rock of adamant
On which wild waves like steeds with foaming mouths
Dash into misty spray, and hearts of kings,
With every pulse of wise or ignorant
And all the elements of earth or hell
Are impotent, save beating to Thy tune.

We are Thine also, and we need not fear,
From Thee, for Thee and Thine our mission is,
That all mankind may rise nearer to Thee
By knowing Thy omnipotence of love,—
We are the instruments, some toil is ours.
The inspiration and the force is Thine.'

And are we then the first of human kind
That ever entered this wide solitude ?
This vast expanse whose dread sublimity
Seizing the soul makes the beholder dumb,—
Whose lovely, limpid, yielding purity
Draws down into its bosom all the sky,
And dances myriad reflected gleams
Of fire cerulean, pulsing up and down,—
Mirrors the sailing, sunny, summer clouds—
Or black rack of the rattling thunderstorm,
Whose lightning,—rills, and jagged cataracts—
Leap down as if they had to pierce the deep,
But—hiss and splutter and in darkness die ?—
Has it thro' countless ages never been
Cut by a vessel's keel and curved prow ?
And only seen by wild birds of the air—
Whose cradle and whose carriage is the wave—
By stormy petrel, gull and albatross ?
And broken only by the splash and spout
Of whale and porpoise, flying fish and shark ?

Ah, who can know ? The earth is old and young,
 And history—but yesterday began.
 On to the islands of the Indian seas !
 That teem with precious stones and precious gold.
 On to the region, Mangi and Cathay !
 With cities built of jasper—fruitful lands—
 Rich in all things the heart of man can crave.
 Directly westward we must sail and keep
 As near as possible together, lest
 Some accident untoward might befall
 A vessel, or commander, or his men ;
 And after sailing seven hundred leagues
 Lay by from midnight till the coming day."

THE COMPASS.

"This is indeed the 'gloomy Ocean-Sea'—
 The needle points no longer to the Pole.
 And yet the star shines in its place the same
 And all the neighbor stars the same around.

Here is a thing cannot be hid away
 And will produce a terror worse than all
 The fears I tried before to dissipate.

When darkness hid from us the lamps of night,
 To the lone helmsman on his dreary watch
 This was his only guide on the wide sea :
 Relied upon by all as truth itself
 And trusted, as we trust the blessed God,
 As an unvarying and certain law.

I know not what to think or what to say ;
 And yet some explanation must be found,—
 Or else while I'm asleep and the stars shining
 They may to eastward turn the ships about
 And lose all we have gained in time and space.

No ! Let me hope, perhaps it still is true.
 The power may yet be, but—the time and place
 May alter the direction of the force—
 There may be iron rocks somewhere beneath,

Some submerged island full of precious ore,
That sways the slender bar slightly to westward.

The star may have an orbit of its own
And the true Pole be inside of its path,—
Or, this mysterious thing may oscillate—
The axis in the middle of its sweep—
And that so slowly thro' uncounted ages,
The eyes of man have never noticed it.

This is in truth the 'gloomy Ocean-Sea'.—

A vessel's mast, bleached by the rocks and waves,
The solitary fragment of some wreck,
Drifts past the tear-dimmed sailors' frightened eyes,
Tho' that is nothing new or wonderful,—
This unknown variation will appall.

Without disaster, full two hundred leagues
From Ferro isle with an unwavering faith
In this small instrument—so like a spirit—
We now have made. Oh, this is strange indeed,
And may to gloom turn all the Ocean-Seas
If this thing points no longer to the Pole."

PESSIMISTIC.

"Unnumbered stars are shining bright
Thro' Heaven's vast, concave hemisphere ;
Lonely they seem, but 'tis I know
My heart that makes them so appear.

The moon rains down her light and makes
A silver pathway o'er the sea ;
The waves are dark on either side—
So I, unless I think of thee.

Self-exiled into space unknown,
To thee my fancy fondly flies,
Dearest Ketura! and I feel,
Without love—life within me dies.

We have no country of our own,
Not even an island of the sea—
But thou wert Spain and Palestine,
Bella Ebreá! unto me.

But for the hope that lies beyond,
The hope I may to thee return—
My heart would fail and cease to beat,
My lamp of life would cease to burn."

"That lover weaves and sings his plaintive song
To the waves' plash against the vessel's prow ;
While she, perhaps, has quite forgotten him
And sleeps and never dreams that he exists ;
Or, fickle, may have found another love.

O, pitiable state of mortal man!
Misery is life and life is misery ;
We cannot comprehend or fathom it :
So filled with evil every street and lane
And every plain and mountain night and day—
The seaman's compass, even, tells untrue.

When first we breathe the atmosphere, we wail,
 And weeping from the cradle to the grave
 Most of us mourn that we were ever made.
 'Valley of Tears,' by this our earth is known,
 Job cursed the day on which he saw the light ;
 Even if at times the sky seems bright above,
 Our pathway lies along a 'Bridge of Sighs'
 O'er which we reach the dungeon of the tomb.

Earthquakes and famines, wars and pestilence,
 Cyclones and conflagrations, droughts and floods,
 Fierce animals and fellow men more fierce,
 The secret murder and the open violence ;
 The vain and greedy, envious feet aspire
 To rule the head, or heat the feet to bruise,
 In frenzy social or political—
 The body suffering between the two—
 The novel creed still warring with the old
 The old to keep possession fighting fierce.

The Jew, Mohammedan and heretic,
 Who all would gladly do as they are done by,
 Have choice of exile, or hypocrisy,
 Or fagots lit to show the way to Heaven.

Some think the gods have made us in their sport ;
 And destiny—eternal, deaf and blind,
 Compels even Jupiter to dip his hand
 Into the fatal urns between his feet
 And scatter good and evil on mankind—
 Some think the gods have made us in their hate
 And placed us under laws we cannot know
 That burn or drown, or crush us into night,
 They quaffing nectar, lazily, somewhere.
 And tho' philosophies and faiths may change
 We still continue suffering as before.
 And ask, 'Whence came the sin? Whence came the woe?'

Taught to believe that we are guilty things,
 Worms of the dust and under punishment,
 With but faint hope we e'er can liquidate

The debt immense that sunk the human race
 In utter bankruptcy, we moan and die ;
 Or grown insane by pondering the evil
 Some take their lives and fling them in God's face.

The shy, too sensitive, exalted soul,
 While struggling thro' this tragedy exclaims
 That, 'Man and woman and what else is dear,
 Attracts to crush, repels, to make him wither.'

All is awry. or broken or defaced,
 Fading in fading light and dim disorder
 Into oblivion on the earth's dull breast,
 Or in the deep and on its surface leaving
 Nothing but bubble, which like earthly fame
 Breaks in the next wave and is seen no more."

OPTIMISTIC.

So, my Alonzo, you would have us chant,
 Or whine the long melodious poet-wail,—
 "A little while for laughter and for song,
 A very little while to kiss, and cling,
 And soon, alas! to sing, kiss, cling no more."
 To fret away our lives? Nay, rather, man,
 Find out the evil and the remedy ;
 Or whether there is evil we can cure,
 Or whether evil is but lesser good
 And the least good be merely negative.

To think this world the worst that could exist,
 Is even better than not think at all ;
 If half a loaf is better than no bread
 The loaf entire is surely better still ;
 But to be hungry and yet have no bread
 We all pronounce an evil state of things.

The optimist believes that all is right
 And of two goods he chooses still the best ;
 The pessimist believes that all is wrong
 And of two evils he will choose the least ;

The first is near, the second, far from peace.

Most people in all ages hang between
And think man's life is good and evil both,
Spent part in joy and part in misery
And a great part in sleep and apathy,
Under the dull grey skies that have no sun,
Under the dull dark night that has no stars,—
If all were pessimist the race must die,
Because he has no faith in God or man.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

Man is the central figure of this world ;
He has seen nothing nobler than himself ;
All nature else, is background, nothing more.

The lovely landscapes of the earth or ocean
When painted well we all delight to see,
But still, the figures in the scene, the men,
Women and children interest us more
Than rocks or rivers, seashores, mountains, trees.

With a fair wind our Santa Maria plows
This field, whose limit seems the verge of heaven,
Toward which verge the voyage of our lives
Is also tending thro' the light and dark,—
We are not seamen and the officers
Have their respective duties to perform,
But we, as all on board are in good health,
Have nought to do but while away the time,
By reasoning on the good and ill of life.

And let us start near the beginning, thus,—
A human being's education here
Begins before he knows himself to be
And does not end until he cease to live.

He breathes the air ; he takes his food, and grows
With his eyes shut and blindly loves himself.
Slowly he rises to self consciousness ;
He moves toward the good, the evil shuns ;

What gives him pain is evil ; pleasure, good ;
 And this instinctive force, interior law,
 Whether he choose what is, or is to be,
 Abides, impels and rules him all his days.

By many teachers Heaven teaches him,
 And all his student time appears to be
 But preparation for a higher form
 Where whipping is abolished. When God willed
 He drew him from his darkness to His light,
 Planted a hundred forces in his soul
 And placed him target for a thousand more.

His education never is complete
 So long as he is conscious upon earth ;
 His training is a life-long painful thing,
 Also a life-long good and pleasant thing ;
 And every thrill of joy, or pang of pain,
 Is but a needed lesson to his soul.

Some things suggest to him a wish, or deed,
 And these are placed around him, not by him ;
 And vital forces, too, he has received,
 His being to preserve from wrong and pain,
 Without his knowledge—as the seeds are sown
 In the unconscious earth and spring and grow,
 Seeking the blessed light and heat and rain—
 And have become a power before he knew.

If when these outward causes operate
 And time and place and inward wish agree,
 Can it be said that he is free to act ?
 Yes ! As the lily blooms and streamlets run.

But thou complainest thou art crushed and bleeding ?

The trainer of a horse first throws him down
 And keeps him down, until the creature feels
 His utter helplessness ; then kindly soothes
 With gentle tones and strokes his face and neck ;
 Slowly he helps him as it were, to rise
 And stand upon his feet and look around.

He knows not who tied his proud, snorting head
 And his fleet foot together and then drew
 Softly the cord that laid him on the earth ;
 Ofttimes man's education is like this,—
 Low lies the helpless wretch upon the ground,
 Darkness and desolation 'round about,
 And even his bosom friends may be against him ;
 He is permitted to be ignorant
 Till a peculiar experience
 Of pain or pleasure, misery or joy,
 Opens the windows of his precious mind ;
 Then touches him the Teacher's hand of mercy
 And soothes and lights and lifts him to his feet
 Into a higher and a holier life.

Happy, who knows that He who cast him down
 Is also He who lifts him up again
 Into a softer and a purer air !
 In gratitude of heart he praises Him
 And worships Him in spirit and in truth,
 In the lone desert, or the mountain top,
 On the waste sea beneath the glittering stars ;
 Or in the crowded temples built for God
 By man supreme, the godlike architect.

In body-bulk man fills a certain space,
 In intellectual and moral bulk,
 Whose boundaries he cannot pass beyond
 Nor the determined limit of his days ;
 That he shall fill this space is God's design,
 As far as mortal man can comprehend—
 As nothing yet has hindered His design
 And neither life nor death are accidents,
 He will preserve the spirit He has placed,
 In such a delicate and marvelous house,
 Until He please to take it to Himself.

When the mysterious stream that turns the wheel
 Is dry, or feeble, and can flow no more,
 The latest lesson is the latest thought
 Illuminating the departed soul :

The end, in this most perfect Training School,
 Of one, may be a bullet thro' his brain,
 Another may be drowned in the deep sea ;
 One with a shout of triumph may expire,
 Another, hooted from existence, die ;
 One by swift lightning from the thunder cloud,
 Or slowly sink in dumb paralysis ;
 Some upon beds of roses fall asleep,
 Another pillow'd on a stone may see
 The heavens opening to let him in
 And pass in ecstasy his latest breath.
 One gains his heaven, such as it may be,
 By murder, swinging 'twixt the earth and air,
 The murdered one as surely gains his peace.

Some go in terror, some in joy and hope,
 As thinking they have merit in God's sight,
 Or fearing that they have not and yet ought ;
 And some like infants die in peace, without
 Thought of reward or fear of punishment,
 Yet trusting calmly in Eternal Love,
 As the babe sleeps upon its mother's lap.
 After the journey, all will reach the rest
 Prepared for high and low and rich and poor,
 With lesser light or greater (as becomes
 The Wisdom infinite by whom we are)
 Not measured by the unsteady human scale
 Of crazed fanatics, or high dogmatists
 Of even the highest creed that man has known.

'Tis not to him who wills nor him who runs ;
 Our blessed Lord his bounty freely gives :
 His rain falls on the just and the less just ;
 His hand He opens and each creature fills
 With benediction—yet He never looks
 Nor cares for worth in the recipient—

Whose worth is simply what he has from Him.

SELF.

You think all evil springs of selfishness ?

All men are selfish—that which we call hate

Is nothing but self-love in a low nature ;
 A totally unselfish man could not
 Exist a moment. By the Will Divine
 He is a being with desire to be
 And will conserve his person as he may,
 Spreading himself to gain that which he needs.

He is the judge of what his nature wants,
 The which he seizes if he has the power.

Say, he is in a wilderness alone
 And sees a precious fruit upon a tree,
 But at its root a dragon has its lair ;
 He kills the dragon and he climbs the tree
 And eats the fruit, rejoicing in his life ;
 Self-love has moved him, has he acted well ?
 Yes ! for his good is not another's ill.

But let him leave his solitary haunt
 And go into a city where men dwell,
 There he sees gold, that ripens many fruits,
 But there are iron stanchions o'er the vault
 And watchmen armed with death walk up and down ;
 These are obstructions which he may remove,
 He kills the watchman and he cuts the bars—
 Self-love has moved him, has he acted ill ?

Surely—he is a murderer and thief.

Defense of self—a primal law of life
 In everything that lives ; holds also here ;
 Societies are gifted with self-love ;
 And as he slew the dragon near the tree
 They kill or chain him while they eat the fruit
 Of social law observed—security,
 Joy, peace and comfort in community.

This civil law curtails your liberty ?
 Yes ! And while 'tis the law you must obey,
 Or suffer loss of liberty or life,
 Or dwell with dragons in the wilderness.

Yet this self-love is Nature's gift to man
 And is the sole foundation of all love
 Of which a human soul is capable
 Toward her God, her brother, friend, or kind ;

I must exist before I suffer love.
 My being is a valuable gift
 And I am in possession of myself
 And love what I possess from such a source ;
 I love my parents and I love my child.
 I love my brother and I love my God,
 Just in proportion as I do possess them.

And as for the iniquity of war?
 On earth man's life is warfare ever more ;
 Even on the trackless deep it is the same
 And would be in the air if there he dwelt—
 But 'tis a healthful and righteous war,
 This world is battlefield as well as school.
 Urged by the daily needs of mortal life,
 Bread for himself and those he counts his own
 And lawfully for riches, fame and power,
 Man, tho' not uniformed in soldier's garb,
 Is still a warrior in a thousand ways,
 And has been and will be, forever more.

The sailor fights with stormy winds and waves,
 The shepherd fights to keep his sheep from wolves,
 The farmer fights to save his golden grain,
 The doctor fights to keep disease away.
 The lawyer fights for injured innocence,
 The parson fights to get his flock to Heaven,
 The statesman and philosopher both strive
 For their own country's weal and all the world ;
 The artist strives that beauty may survive
 A little longer for the eyes of man ;
 The poet, too, that all heroic deeds
 For love of woman, man or God shall live,
 Though languages and empires may decay.

And, see! Colombo yonder, on the poop!
 How has he had to fight to reach thus far—
 And what a struggle there may be for him
 Before we reach the golden India!
 He has the necessary opposition

From these fanatics in their ignorance,
 And in the cultivated pessimist
 He will not look for help to gain his end—
 Yet might at last will prove to be the right.

MIGHT IS RIGHT.

Since God is God, as all men must believe,
 And all things have their force direct from Him,
 Might in the highest sense and every sense
 Is always right. Whate'er He wills is done,
 Whate'er is done, He wills—and always good.

We see the will of God in everything
 Eternally accomplished, without sin
 In any of the instruments He uses :
 He hateth nothing that He ever made ;
 With His creation He is ever pleased
 And with the preservation of the same
 And with the slow or sudden dissolution,
 Or change, before things re-created be.

The laws of Nature cannot be ignored,
 Evaded, turned aside, or nullified,
 Save by some higher law of greater force.

Who gets a law to keep and execute
 Also receives the power to execute,—
 If that power is withdrawn, 'tis evident
 The framer of the statute is averse
 To the enforcement of the law he made.

The power that triumphs, always is of God ;
 Thro' virtuous men or men less virtuous,
 Or the blind force of nature, which is His.
 Against God's will can anything exist ?
 Has evil any generative power ?
 No seed of evil ever can be sown.
 Is anything created or begotten,
 Unless thro' love ? and when it is begot,
 Is it not love that keeps it, makes it grow ?
 Can any man against God's will be rich ?

Or any woman beautiful and kind ?
 Or any mortal swift, or strong, or wise ?
 Faith is His gift and knowledge is His gift
 And what He gives can never be refused :
 Whate'er He wills is done—whate'er is done
 He wills. In Him we live and move and are ;
 Man has his being and his love of self
 The love of his own kind, the love of Truth,
 Without petition and without reproach.
 All things that are are pleasing unto God,
 Were it not so, the entire human race
 Had long since vanished from the face of earth—
 Or rather they had never been created.

LAW.

'Tis necessary for mankind to live
 Together, in society on earth.
 From the relationships of social life—
 The parent to the child, the child to parent,
 The man to woman, woman to the man,
 The elder to the younger and the wise
 To the less wise, the master to the servant,
 The governor to the governed—spring all
 The moral laws that are for good of man,
 And prompted by his Maker, man makes these,
 And lays down the commandments as from God—
 The moral sense precedes dogmatic truth.

A crime was first committed; then a law
 Naming the crime prohibited the act.
 Thus, murder, falsehood, theft and violence
 And all the horrid, hated catalogue—
 (Killing—or matricide, or parricide,
 Sororicide, fratricide, regicide,
 Infanticide and suicide—had each
 A penalty ; yet all the crimes yet known
 Have been committed ere a law was made ;
 And after, while the actors thought devoutly,
 That what they did was pleasing to their God)—

Has been, from the beginning of the world,
In empire, nation, tribe and family.

Patriarch, prophet, priest, aristocrat,
Prince, king, or emperor, or president—
Under all these the great and good have lived ;
Under all these disease and war and death
Have been and will be, till it pleases God
To make another order of this world.

And He who sees all, never yet saw evil ;
Crime never ripened any living germ ;
It is not possible for any one
Whom God has made to offer Him insult ;
But man can see that which is counted crime,
Something that pains his heart and soul and life,
And pains it for a purpose which Heaven knows.

“ No man does evil willingly ; ” he sees
Something of good beyond some hinderance
And that obstruction he will push aside,
Or else destroy, as standing in his way.

THE HERBY SEA.

Lo ! a great stream of fire thro' the blue sky,
A meteor falls from heaven into the deep,
Some five leagues distant, like a thunderbolt !

And yet no rain cloud can be seen above,
No noise has followed thro' the atmosphere.
For many days we do not shift a sail ;
A steady wind abaft from east to west,
Has blown us farther than the crews must know.

Alternately we suffer light and dark ;
The starry dome flows over us and fades
Into the greater ocean of sunlight,
In silence, like a dead eternity.

The air, is April, balmy, fresh and pure,
In lovely, longed-for Andalusia,
When nightingales are singing vesper hymns
And the grape blossoms drop their tiny rings,
Breathing the fragrance of the wine of Heaven.

And every day we see new signs of land,—
 That white bird never sleeps upon the sea,
 And yonder heron with his solemn wings,
 And long legs trailing under and behind
 Spends on the solitary river's marge
 The best part of his time : Two pelicans
 Have flown on board and wondered where they were.

The men are in high spirits—Thirty crowns
 Are his who sees the blessed land the first.
 Alas ! Of brief duration is the joy :
 Colombo sounds and tho' his sounding line
 Is not a short one he no bottom finds,
 And thus their fitful courage sinks again.

Interminable Ocean, shoreless sky,
 A calm profound more dreaded than a storm
 Steals o'er, in silence strange, the little fleet :
 For now we reach the fearful " Herby sea,"
 A vast and boundless meadow, covered o'er
 With strange weeds they have never seen elsewhere.

The ships can make no headway thro' this field ;
 And shallow lurking rocks that hold the roots
 Of this mysterious marine vegetation,
 And treacherous quicksands, banks and shoals may catch
 The keels of all these caravels and keep
 Them there, fixed and immovable, until
 They rot—no refuge, no escape, but death.

A superstitious terror seizes them ;
 Their minds become diseased—nor drink nor food
 They care for, nor aught else. The Admiral,
 Harrassed at every turn, yet calm and kind,
 Drops down again, his line into the deep,
 And finds no stoppage, or of sand or rock ;
 And so the bottoms of the ships are safe,
 For in this dead calm none of them can sail.
 No wind, no wind, and yet the waters move ;
 A long groundswell, of some far distant storm,
 With low expiring undulation comes.

Thanks be to God ! steadfast Cristòbal now,
 Can still the mania-murmur of the crews,
 And they escape the dreaded Herby sea.

SAN SALVADOR.

(PART THIRD.)

“LAND”—PERHAPS.

From Ferro more than seven hundred leagues
And eight and fifty days consumed from Spain ;
The hopes of those who have been hoping, sink,
The unbelieving will not yet believe.

Land birds that fly not far from shore are seen,
Branches of trees with berries ripe upon them,
Pieces of timber, quaintly cut and carved,
Clearly of purpose by the hand of man,
Drift past the vessels on some unknown tide ;
But to the eyes of ignorance and fear
They pass without inspiring any hope.

The sun is sinking and their weary eyes
Follow the red gleams of the parting day,
Straining to catch the faintest thing like earth,
Or streak of earth-mist on the liquid plain,
When from the Pinta's stern a shout is heard—

“ Land ! land ! gran Señor : hail ! I am the first,”—
Martin Alonzo Pinzon cries aloud—

“ Declare my right to all the promised prize ! ”

The sailors climb aloft and shout for joy ;
The Admiral falls on his knees and weeps,
While “ Gloria in Excelsis Deo ! ” springs
In music from his heart—before he sees
Before he even glances toward the haze
Or cloud which Pinzon truly takes for land.

But be it mist or isle, or continent
Of India, China, or a world unknown,
It is too late this night for certitude,
Again the darkness swallows everything.

Alas! Alas! After a long, long night
 Waiting and praying, praising too by turns,
 He watched the day-spring climb the arch of heaven
 And lighten up the western mystery ;
 But not a speck of anything like land
 Lifted the dreary line of sea and sky—
 The evening cloud had melted quite away.

And with the daylight discontent grows fierce,
 Ascends and spreads thro' all the company :
 The disappointment drives some near despair
 And pleading, cursing, praying, threatening,
 The sullen sailors need but one to lead them
 And force the Admiral to turn about,
 Heading the caravels to make for home.

They know Cristòbal is a heretic ;
 His theory was condemned long time ago
 By those who represented Holy Church—
 Famed Salamanca's sage cosmographers,—
 And spite of all the blessing of the Pope
 Upon this enterprise, they only see
 A crazy Genoese Italian
 Who cares not if he lead them all to death
 So that he satisfy his fantasy.
 Demons from hell rule this adventurer,
 For disappointment follows every hope,—
 He who will pitch him over to the sharks
 Will do a goodly service unto God.

MUTINY.

'Twixt the Canary Isles and Spain you said,
*"The force that checks, the forces that are checked
 And those that join together and flow on,
 Spring from one Fountain—everything is right."*

If that is true our discontent is right ;
 Our disobedience is the power of God,
 And in his sight all men are equal.

No !

Not equal in the sight of God or man.
 The captain first, the common sailor next ;
 The one commands, the other must obey.

The worthy, wise and wealthy rule man's world
 Under the guidance of the Power Supreme ;
 The vicious, poor and witless still must serve.

All men are born unequal and not free,
 But bound about by law, like swaddling bands.
 Yet revolution is the power of God ;
 For it is certain everything revolves
 But by His might ; moral, or physical,
 Or intellectual : if the force succeed,
 I afterwards would say, it is His will,
 But now I say to you with all my strength—

You wicked and unreasonable men !
 You blindly drift towards your own destruction ;
 Señor Colombo, your great admiral,
 Deigns to persuade and plead with you in vain.

I am no sailor, Matheos, yet hear me !
 Suppose you do what many of you mean,
 For I have heard your murderous design,
 Do you not see it would avail you naught
 If overboard you chucked him in the dark ?
 Almighty God would make him *swim* to land
 And the inhabitants would make him king.
 Unguided, blinded by self-love and fear !
 Were your Commauder murdered, some one else
 Must take command and you must still obey
 And steer toward the unseen land the same.

The ruffians that would attempt the deed
 Would have to sneak like dogs behind his back,
 For if he turned his awful eyes upon you
 His Sovereignty of nature strikes you dead—
 If not—some dozen by his hand would die.

The land is near, the Pinzons know it is ;
 They know the signs that birds and branches are
 And they would quickly drown the worst of you,
 Claim the great glory of discovery,
 And the avenging of Colombo's death ;

Or lug you fast in irons back to Spain,
Where some of you to save your precious lives,
Would soon confess and so your mates might die.

Ungrateful men ! blind to God's providence,
How has He blest you since you came on board !
Fine weather, gentle seas and food and drink
And perfect health of body—not even one
So much as cut his finger,—time to say
Your prayers and sleep more than you ever had.

With you no more your great commander pleads,
He will not try to cheer you any more,—
But this you may be sure of—he that dare,
The first fool that will dare to lead you—dies.

Mark what I say he is the chosen man,
Chosen by God to do this mighty work ;
Chosen by nature, wise and brave and strong,
Of vast experience on this element
And rich in science of the earth and stars ;

Were there no sovereign God or sovereign man,
Nature has given him station of command :
But more, the Ruler of the Universe
Will guide him safely still to India,
Whether you men obey, or disobey
Your lawful leader, here by every law—
Your servile insurrection comes to naught.

HUSH !

The dark hour is upon Colombo now,
Compassion for the wronged and suffering
And gratitude to God could make him weep,
But here all prostrate on his cabin floor
With tearless eyes he lies upon his face,
His hands clasped on his forehead ; agony,
Instead of moving, stills his mighty frame.

Only some murmured words escape his lips,—
“ I can no more. Altho' the land is near

Perhaps I shall not see it. Only now,
 I seem partly to feel and understand
 That lone, last cry of Christ upon the cross.

I plead no more with men devoid of faith,
 Devoid of reason and humility :
 I must be still—must wait for light to move.
 O why am I solicitous and sunk
 When not the least thing I can do to save
 That which is dearest ?—God ! I wait for Thee.”

(Hero and saint, apostle, martyr, man !
 Through whom I owe to Heaven this crystal stream
 And gushing fountain sparkling in the sun ;
 These rocks, yon wooded hill and vineyard slope,
 The lowly chapel up among the clouds,
 Where still is heard the self-same praise and prayer
 That from thy lips and soul, with higher grace,
 Were uttered in thy trials numberless,
 Nearly four hundred years ago—Amen !

Leave all to *Him* who, knowing, ruleth all.

I also ponder on the mystery
 Of right and wrong, of sorrow and of joy,
 Freedom and life, necessity and death,
 Within my narrow solitude obscure :
 And by my little trials measure thine.

Unconsciously, or consciously, we play
 At chess with God, thro' all our mortal span.

He forces all my moves ; and afterwards,
 But not before, because my sight is dim—

I feel that all is fair—and worship him.

When on the little checquer-board of Time
 I've not another move—lo ! I shall see
 His is the triumph, and He wins—for me.

Whether we sink or swim, or win or lose,
 God reigned, God reigns and will forever reign.

Creator uncreate of all that is,

Source of all light and heat and power and beauty,
In this immeasurable universe!

Thine is the soul that mirrors what she may
Of Thy thrice holy attributes, tho' faintly,
Even as the smallest drop of dew may hold
The image of the sun, or moon, or star.)

How beautiful is night upon the sea!
The azure sky is pure, the air is mild :

Thro' the transparent atmosphere, each star
Shines with a luster never seen on land.

Long trains of meteoric flame from high
Flash down, athwart, toward the misty line
Where earth and heaven kiss with dewy lips—
Flash for a little moment and expire.

Over the waves so steadily serene
We gaily glide, some singing holy hymns,
The gentle breeze keeping the sails just spread ;
The signs of land increase ; the pilots wish
To change the route for islands must be near :
But the commandant, tho' he thinks it true,
Will not now change his course. The sea is fine
The wind is all we wish—thanks be to God!
To turn aside would not be prudent now
Or reasonable—On, to India!
As straight as we can steer and lose no time.
Children may turn aside from the main road
That leads to palace gardens filled with flowers
And loiter, gathering wild weeds by the way—
The lesser islands, like to wayside plants,
We pass to gain the blooming continent.

HOPES AND FEARS.

For several days upon the tranquil sea
With mild, delightful breezes, on they sail;
So calm the water that the sailors swim

Around the vessels and forget awhile
 Their late dejection. Dolphins roll about
 And flying fish darting aloft in air
 Fall on the deck ; continued signs of land
 Insensibly beguile the crews—their minds
 Diverted for the time, as child at play
 Forgets the trouble of an hour before.

Next day the fear returns that they have passed
 Beyond the land—weeds float from east to west.
 And on the third day, no land birds are seen.

Murmurs and menaces arise again ;
 Colombo will not change his westward course
 One point for all the clamors of the world.
 And soon such flights of birds again they see
 That puts their weak despondency to flight.

With the new confidence a greed awakes ;
 For now, the promised pension in their eyes
 To him the first discoverer of earth,
 Makes them upon the least appearance cry,—
 “ Land ! land ! ” continually, which proves to be
 Nothing but false alarms. The Admiral
 Abates the nuisance,—“ If land be not seen
 In three days after, he who gave the cry
 Forfeits all claim and will get no reward.”

And on the morning of October seventh
 On board the Admiral's own caravel
 Some thought they saw land westward far away,
 But no one would proclaim it for the fear
 Of losing all the promised prize of gold.

Forward the Nigna swiftly presses on
 And soon a flag up to her mast head runs
 And from her deck a cannon is discharged,
 The preconcerted signal for land seen.
 In the small squadron joy awakes again
 And every eye is strained toward the west,—
 Their cloud-built hopes as they advance decay
 And before evening comes the fancied land
 Into thin air has melted like a dream.

ICONOCLAST.

“ Doctor, I see that all things come by chance ;
 There is no ruling power on earth but man,
 His life, a chapter of base accidents,
 Showing he rules like a blindfolded fool.

Or, it may be the devil rules this world,
 Now we have land and now it is a fog,
 A little more and all will be befogged,
 We seem as in the nightmare of a dream ;
 Perhaps we only seem to be and are not,
 Perhaps we are but maggots in the brain
 Of this huge animal we call the globe—
 I care not now if land be found or no :
 Let its idolaters in darkness die.”

By this you show your love is low, indeed,
 For he who loves must still have many cares
 Trying to shield that which he loves from ill.
 To me you do not utter blasphemy—
 ’Tis not *my* Ruler that you rail against :
 And if you are a maggot in a fog
 Or in the nightmare of a horrid dream,
 You are not answerable as a man.
 Man is not capable of uttering
 An insult to his Maker ; but he may
 Be base enough to enter in a house
 And say—“ Young man, your father is a fool !
 Your mother is a thief and ugly too ! ”
 Or into a community of men
 And cry for gain—“ People, there is no God ! ”
 Unmannerly and vile iconoclast !
 That creed that wars upon another creed
 Dear to the hearts and souls, their highest hope,
 And with rude hand or cunning science breaks
 And hurls its idols from their pedestals,
 Is not the highest or the holiest faith.

The man that tramples on the cross of Christ
 In presence of a Christian, is base ;

The man who sneers at Moses near a Jew,
 Or calls Mahomet false before a Turk,
 Or scorns the Hindoo as he eats his rice,
 Despising what is dearest to their thought,
 Has not yet felt this light within his heart,
 That truth is priceless to the human mind,
 Yea! even if falsehood— if he think it true.

Show me thy faith is higher than my own
 In conduct of thy daily life with man,
 Through thy heart's love for what you feel as true,
 Not thy heart's hate for what seems false in me.
 A higher symbol to the heathen show
 Before you break his paltry images
 And send them to destruction in his sight.

Who does not see, who looks into the world,
 In this regard all creeds are vulnerable?
 "Sanctum sanctorum" trampled under foot—
 No earthquake following the horrid deed
 To swallow, quick, the image-breaker down.

There breathes no one on earth but loves the truth.
 Higher or lower as his state requires,
 The which he still must hold tenaciously
 Until it pales beneath a greater light.
 The ancient Persian worshiper of fire,
 Who saw God in the sun and bowed his head,
 Was no idolater—he found in this
 Flaming suggestion of that power unknown
 Which every human soul through symbol feels—
 Or else the race are all idolaters—
 And then we say idolatry is good.

PERSONIFICATION.

The dear relationship of man to God,
 That precious thread that binds the soul to Heaven—
 Invisible, unbreakable forever—
 Has never changed by any act of man:

But the seen symbols, for exterior worship,
Change from the lowest forms, to that of ours,
The highest symbol is "The Son of Man."

He who is very wise and very good
Has a conception of the Diety
As high as he is true and good and wise.
Always we paint from our experience,
And without that we never paint at all;
Life is a series of experiments;
The wise man making many, wiser grows,
The foolish making fewer, fool remains.
A people who believe in one true God
Must be superior to those who do not:
The man who has a low concept of man
Will also form an image base of Him;
He looks into a mirror which is dark,
Distorted, dirty-colored, or opaque:
'Tis writ that to His likeness God made man—
And each man also, to his own makes God.
He to his own imagination paints
His pandemonium and paradise,
His demon, angel, seraph, cherubin,
With colors furnished by this world of ours.—
The elements of every heaven are here
Selected in the vision of the saint
Or poet's phantasy, and from this earth
Is drawn the imagery of sin and death
Personified by snake and skeleton.

Philosophers and saints have said and say:
"All sin is negative,"—then Lucifer,
Mephisto, Satana, or what you will,
Is only evil, sin, personified:
A fancied nothing, empty emptiness,
Which, if not clothed in human attributes—
The higher ones left out—the mind of man
Could never entertain the thought of it.

Pride, avarice and hate and cruelty,
The poets to the changeful phantom give,
But leave out all that is of love and truth
In our humanity—be-loved of Heaven

Yet if I think that change, pain and destruction
 Are real evils, it is needful, too,
 That I should think some wicked agent works,
 And he must be a *person* of some shape
 That does me injury,—the prophets then—
 And surely for some need—personified,
 Fierce and vindictive with the wrath of Heaven,
 Those forces that our dim eyes cannot see ;
 And thus the Nothing is a creature made
 Somewhere and when—a grim necessity—
 And takes its place within the human mind
 An article of terror, hate and faith.

Eternal *Being*-Absolute "I am."
 Incomprehensible and infinite,
 But always personal to everyone
 Who is a person, tho' he cannot grasp
 In his small speck of being what is boundless ;
 He is all might to him who ever moved,
 He is all wise to him who ever thought,
 He is all love to him who ever loved.

LAND.

"Salve Regina" we once more shall sing
 As evening closes o'er the tranquil sea ;
 Before another vesper hymn be sung
 We all shall see the land we long to tread.

From the forecastle keep a lively watch!
 For he who first discovers what we seek
 Shall gain the pension and a doublet, too.

Among the men and officers and all
 A great and hopeful animation springs.

Fresh signs of land that leave no room for doubt,
 A greenish fish that keeps about the rocks,
 A branch of thorn, a staff, fresh water weeds,
 A reed, a piece of board and other things,

Inspire new expectation and new life
 In those who lately drooped toward despair.
 The gloom and mutiny has changed to hope.
 As when the darkness flees before the dawn.

No sleep to-night, the dullest eye on board
 Will scarcely close a moment ; and for him,
 The prescient spirit from his vessel's poop
 Along the dusk horizon ranging keen,
 His eyes and soul watch all and everything.

Lo! suddenly, he sees a glimmering light
 Rising and sinking, as a lantern does
 When carried by one walking in the street ;
 Or as the torch of a night fisherman
 On Como Lake, or Gulf of Napoli,
 Moves up and down as the wave swells or falls.

Pedro ! Is that a light on the lee bow ?
 Yes, Señor! or some dream upon my eyes.

Rodrigo ! Tell me if you see a light
 Away off yonder, swinging up and down.
 Get you up higher ! No ! I see no light.
 Yes ! There it is ! And there, it is—not now !

On the same course the caravels sail on
 Till morning—the swift Nigna always first ;
 A gun from her the joyful signal gives,
 And certainly the land is found at last,
 Some two leagues distant, by the Admiral.

Midnight has passed and yet no eye has closed,
 Nor will not; all hearts are electrified
 By the Commandant's confidence of soul,
 The clock that ticks on board his caravel
 Has said—"One—two." What will to-morrow be?
Friday. The day on which they Palos left,
 Just seventy days from dear España.

A flash is seen, a cannon shot is heard,—
 Colombo drops upon his knees again

And tears of gratitude and speechless joy
 Stream down his weather-beaten cheeks and chin :
 Yet with a strong voice, "Thee, O God, we praise !"
 " Te Denm Landamus ! Te Dominum
 Confitemur. Te Æternum Patrem
 Omnis terra veneratur !" —flows ;
 With all his crew transported into joy
 From long, grim sadness—joining in the hymn.

Meet homage, too, the men with grateful hearts
 Pay to their grand Commander—long reviled :
 Friends and relations all felicitate
 Each other and prepare for festival,
 Yet here we stay till morn, with sails unfurled,
 And put the vessels three all in a state
 In which they can defend themselves ; for, who
 Can tell ? Ferocious savages may be
 The beings who inhabit this new land.
 Or, if they are of some angelic race,
 And neither killing nor conversion need,
 They do not prize the gold and other goods,
 Which most of us will love and long to have—
 Perhaps these may convert us, or pervert,—
 " The love of money is the root of "——
 .
 Lo !

Thro' the thin mists of dawn, a flowery land
 Sends forth an unknown fragrance and the sun
 Lights with his early beams the colored groves.
 A level landscape 'fore their eyes appears,
 A pleasant shore and from the leafy glades
 Gleam the bright waters of a lovely lake,
 And far away thick forests bound the view.

Clad in the costume of his dignities,
 And scarlet mantle o'er his shoulders flung,
 Down the ship's side into the boat below
 Colombo slid, holding the royal flag,
 Followed by all his officers of staff.

The captains of the Pinta and the Nigna
 Bearing the banner of the expedition
 Each in his cutter steps, all fully armed,
 And a detachment, also well equipped,
 Fit to meet cannibals, or anything.

HE TAKES POSSESSION.

Colombo, mute with gladness, springs ashore
 The first, with the alacrity of youth, —
 The hope of many years at last fulfilled.

O joy to have our feet once more on land ;
 Bliss, past all utterance in any tongue!

Planting the standard of the Cross in earth,
 With streaming eyes, three times he bows his head,
 And prostrate, kisses thrice the happy soil ;
 The crowd around him his emotions share
 And hold on high the ivory crucifix.
 Then on his knees with visage to the sky,
 The saint-like hero offers praise and thanks,—
 “O Lord! Eternal and Almighty God!
 Creator of the heavens and earth and sea,
 Thy holy name be blessed and glorified
 Throughout all space, above, below, around !
 And may Thy majesty exalted be
 Extolled, adored, who has permitted here,
 To be made known in this part of the world
 Till now unknown, Thy ever sacred name
 By me, Thy humble servant!

Lord, to Thee

I offer the first fruits! Henceforth this place
 Shall bear for aye Thy name, ‘ San Salvador.’”
 Drawing his sword—and all his officers
 Unsheathing theirs—formal possession takes,—
 “In name of Jesus Christ, our sovereign Good,
 I take possession of this part of earth

And all it holds made by the living God,
 For Isabella's kingdom of Castile !
 For Ferdinand's of Aragon—and Spain ! ”

“O viceroy of the Indies ! Almirante
 Of ocean seas ! Our great, good Captain, hail !
 We bow in meek submission to thy rule ;
 And lower still we bow our hearts to thee,
 In shame and sorrow mingled with our joy,
 In that we by our disobedience
 And most unchristian murmuring and hate
 Pained thy great soul and would have hindered thee,
 But God o'erruled our blind stupidity.

Hail to the Great Discoverer ! May he live
 Honored and rich and happy upon earth,
 And in the Heavens be blest, forevermore ! ”

THE INDIANS.

The natives of San Salvador, new found,
 Saw monstrous creatures, with great wings outspread,
 And watched in awe and wonder from the beach ;
 But when the boats prepared to come ashore,
 All filled with beings clad in glittering steel
 And many colored raiment, in affright
 They fled into the woods and hid themselves.

But, peeping from the leafy coverture,
 And seeing no one in pursuit of them,
 They from their terror gradually recover
 And timidly approach the Spaniards, while
 They take possession of their lands and them,
 With ceremonies strange and dazzling.

Nearer they come and gaze in admiration
 On shining armor, splendid colored dresses,
 Banners and swords. Colombo's scarlet cloak,
 The deference paid to him by all the crews
 And his commanding stature, made them know

He is the chief ; nearer they draw to him
 And touch his beard, his armor and his skin,
 Admiring a complexion not like theirs.

The Admiral, with great benignity,
 Pleased with simplicity and gentleness,
 Suffered their child-like curiosity ;
 Gave them his hands to touch and loved them all.

And they believed that he and all with him,
 Riding on creatures with great wings outspread,
 Had from the sky descended on the sea,
 Celestial beings, and yet human too.

They, also, are of our humanity ;
 With lofty foreheads—lovely, wondering eyes,
 A coppery complexion and straight hair ;
 Well-formed and beautiful and undisguised,
 Except by paint upon their tawny skins.

They have no beards and so the men look mild
 With their smooth chins, as if they all were young.

What sort of speech is theirs ? Perhaps they know
 Nothing but signs—Luis de Torres ! here,
 Our Spanish or Italian is no use,
 They do not understand a word we say ;
 Wert thou a prophet, with so many tongues,
 Armenian, Latin, Coptic, Greek, Arabic—
 Thou mightest foretell the future of this world.

a " One sign, they nothing know of Adam's sin,
 For there is Eva, naked, not ashamed.

We start in innocence and ignorance
 And reach thro' knowledge by experience gained
 To a far better state of innocence.

You need not smile—that fable of 'The Fall'
 Has been of use, is now, and yet shall be,
 Tho' you and I nor any of us may
 Have reached the heights of virtuous innocence.

I am no prophet, nor no prophet's son ;
 I am a Jew. The promised land was given
 To us forever. Did it mean for ever ?
 We took it, as all lands on earth are won,

By overpowering the inhabitants,
Thinking ourselves the doers of God's will :
The powerful Roman did the same for us,
As we to Canaan long before had done.

Life is aggressive, and the more of life
And force of mind, the more aggressive still.
I am a Christian, too,—I think the meek,
Who have not yet appeared in numbers large,
(At least in Spain, from which the Israelites
Flee, or are banished from both friends and home)
Shall yet inherit all the blessed earth,
According to the promise of the Lord,
Who will be with the just while time shall be.

But Christians also have a sword or two,
And this new India may be for them:
And after them, or with them, many creeds
And many peoples may possess this land ;
And mingle all the jarring Faiths of earth,
The Pagan, Hebrew, Christian, Islamism—
And mingle them in love to jar no more.

The slimy pebbles of the rivulet
By rushing freshets are made clean and bright ;
So, by the spirit, thro' adversity,
The soul of man becomes a polished gem.—
The race in time may thus be perfected.
In God's good day the crowning gift will be,
To every mortal fitted to receive,
A living Faith, enclosing all the good
Of every creed that ever yet has swayed
The human mind in any age on earth
To choose a right and shun an evil way ;
The which will come in peace and stay in joy,
Nor break old idols from their pedestals,
In greed and irony and hate and pride,
For so much gold or notoriety:
Nor hurl time-honored symbols of the gods
While one pale worshiper remains to kneel :
But let the one pure loving light of Truth—
As ice is melted gently by the sun—
Dissolve their lifeless substance into dust.

I am a Jew, a Christian,—perhaps more.
 Surely our Lord was sent in love to us
 To give a personality divine
 And human both, enabling man to pray
 To God, whom mortal mind can never grasp
 Within its tiny circlet on this earth,
 Save as a bead of rain may clasp the sun :
 Through Christ's humanity we come to God :
~~Myriads have come to Him thro' other forms~~
 Less perfect and less perfectly have come.
 Symbols may change thro' which man's prayers are sent.
 God is unchangeable reality.

Until a higher symbol shall be sent
 (And this is plain to everyone who thinks—
Philosophy cannot Religion be,
 Nor *Art* be more than handmaid unto Faith.)
 We must hold fast to Christ and to the Church.

'Twas of necessity—we know not why—
 That man should be in error and believe
 That he had sinned and had to suffer death ;
 'Twas of necessity, we know not why,
 Yet sure 'twas strong necessity of love,
 That Christ should feel himself the Son of God,
 Devoted from eternity to suffer
 For mankind's good upon the Roman cross,—
 And of necessity the Holy Church
 Must hold and teach the self-same doctrine now.

But think not here, I shall condemn the Jews
 For holding to their faith as many do,
 Or else the Christians were condemned likewise.
 The law of Moses was the law of God :
 In this, received in cloud and thunderstorm,
 For blasphemy the punishment was death.

The priests were the custodians of the law,
 They sat in Moses' seat and Christ himself
 Said that the people should obey the priests :
 The people clamored for the Savior's death
 And the chief priest his outer garment rent

On hearing this—'I am the Son of God,
The Father ; likewise, equal unto Him.'

God willed, the God man willed, the law divine,
All willed that Christ must die—the governor,
The secular arm just then of the true church—
Received from God the power to execute
The law—the will Divine.

The instrument,
He who betrayed his Master, killed himself ;
Yet by his act he did the will of God.
How can we then condemn and hate His race
When He, the Lord, cries out in agony—
'Father ! forgive ! they know not what they do !'

Who can predict ? Perhaps in some high state,
Bosom of Abraham, or paradise,
Perhaps on terra firma where we stand,
'San Salvador' by the great captain named,
In God's good providence there yet may be
A time when war and wrong shall be no more ;
When human beings shall no more collide
Destructively like vessels in the dark ;
Or maim or mutilate, change or destroy
That form sublime and beautiful, the crown
Of all the visible creation here—
As on the dark or twilight continents
Some do in holy fear, unholy hate,
Or maniac longing for some other life—
When present love shall rule, not jarring creeds ;
A higher, wider, deeper, holier faith,
With radiant light of truth on all that is
And steadfast hope in all that is to be ;
As universal and as suitable
As Heaven's balmy air to breathing man,
As woman's lovely breast to sucking babe—
And sin and death personified no more."

But hark ! our great Discoverer gives command
And we, obedient to his genius, all
Attend with the alacrity of love.

SAN SALVADOR.

(October 13, 1492.)

"Hail, Almirante!" Hail to thee, good surgeon!
 Thanks for the efforts which I know you made
 To check the disobedience of these men
 Who are so grateful and so joyful now.

We move in mid'st of wonders. Let us cry—
 "Not unto us, O Lord! Not unto us!"
 We are but instruments. And this I know
 It is no vain or idle joy I feel,
 It is not a present, or a future fame,
 It is the joy in Truth—theory made fact,
 Proving the inspiration is from Heaven,
 The guidance also of our feet to land.

"True, noble señor—I, too, share thy joy,
 Deeper than intellect's cool reasonings,
 Stronger than gain of gold or thirst of power
 Higher than hunger for the purest fame,
 The motive to the action is in thee,
 The love of God and Man, the love of Truth,
 The love of Jesus Christ, the crucified.

'Tis naught to thee if in some future day,
 Men grudgingly may try to falsify
 Thy purpose and its wonderful fulfillment;
 That some in envy, loving their bleak land,
 Lay claim to pre-discovery and set up
 A fancy figure (even on this shore
 Of some sea-robber, blind, unprincipled,
 Without a hope, or vision, purposeless,
 Chartless, compassless and wild as sea-weed,)
 As the original discoverer,
 Who may by accident have drifted West
 And drifted back again leaving no trace—
 The *thing* and not the *glory* is thy joy."

Thy words express a truth which I now feel—
 Altho' we have not yet gained all we wish;
 This island, one among a thousand flowers
 That deck the heaving

We leave to see some

And find the mighty c

EPILOGUE.

I.

Thus, on a slender thread of narrative
 We sailed across the unknown ocean-sea
 From land to land: beguiled upou the way,
 Sometimes bewildered by assertions strange
 Not new, but old, concerning good and ill,
 And vice and virtue, sin and holiness,
 The problems which have puzzled many wise
 And good and great, the pious and the sceptic,
 From the beginning up to this our day.

The origin of man, the how, the when,
 The where, what boots it now for man to know?
 Why should the babe remember its own birth?
 It is enough to know that we are here.
 And whether pains and death are punishment
 Cruel, vindictive and without avail
 For something done or something left undone
 By one like me ten thousand years ago,
 Or kind remedial teaching for a state
 Of unimaginable light and peace,—
 Seeming obstructions to that bliss supreme
 Will still appear upon the path of life
 To those of either faith, or neither faith,
 Till earth by Heaven is ordered otherwise.
 Man and the universe and all that is
 By God—or God through man—must be divine;
 Yet not for this can it with truth be said
 There is no high, no low, no great, no small.
 In every soul there is so much of Him,
 In every flower there is so much of beauty,
 In every germ there is so much of force,
 In every living Faith by which men move
 There is so much of Truth, so much of power,—
 But not for this can it be ever thought
 That all religions are alike to me.
 Heaven does not speak to me thro' Brahm or Buddh,
 The spell of God thro' Christ is on my soul;
 It was His will that we should feel the need

Of His salvation, and cry "Mea Culpa!"
 And whether Adam sinned or did not sin,
 Whether he ever fell or never fell,
 Or only fell by God to rise more high,
 The scheme of man's salvation rests upon
 Some sin, so-called, in him, some wrong somewhere,
 Defect, excess, disorder, accident,
 (Still unexplained and unexplainable
 To reasoning mortal man without Heaven's light)
 And God's compassion for the suffering race;
 And hence, however built by God and man
 The church of Christ is living here to-day
 The highest of His myriad providences;
 And still will live to-morrow tho' the symbol
 (By the inbreathing of the Holy spirit
 More fully thro' the heart and soul of man
 Than any Pentecost the world has known),
 May be the Dove veiling the Crucifix!

II.

*"All things that they might be God has created.
 He made the nations of the earth for health."
 "And all this world can only be preserved
 By His sole loving Will and Providence
 Who in creating it expressed His will,
 So likewise the diseases of men's minds
 Only by His power can be healed thro' whose
 Strong grace they are restored from death to life."*

A mother says, "My child, touch not the fire!"
 And when he burns his finger and in pain,
 She putting cooling ointment on the part—
 "Now, you are punished for your disobedience."
 No other reason might he comprehend;
 She, when a child was told the self-same thing;
 Soon he believes that all the ill he feels
 Is punishment because he has done wrong,
 And that his father sinned and left to him
 A legacy—the tendency to sin.

My disobedient child is still my child.
 Nothing can break the dear relationship
 That binds the creature, man, to his Creator :
 He who by Providence inscrutable
 Moves all interior or exterior force
 For the eternal good of every one.
 He is the wounder and the healer both ;
 By His permission, *che sara sara*.

Behold the sightless orbs of this poor man
 Blind from his birth ! "A sinner," do you say ?
 "Neither did he nor yet his parents sin,"
 But that God's power of healing might be shown
 To you—who also have been blind from birth.
 "The very hairs upon your heads are numbered.
 Not even a sparrow falls and ends its life
 Without the will of Him who gave that life.
 And which of you, by thinking, to his days
 Can add one hour, or cubit to his stature ?"

And men are but as children under Him ;
 They cannot understand all He has said
 Through human speech, by script, by beasts, by rocks ;
 He leaves untold that which they could not bear,
 Promised to send that which is coming still,
 Promised to come again and has not come,
 And all the revelation of His will
 Through nature or the human soul divine
 Proclaims, He teaches more by concrete things
 That man can see and touch, measure and count,
 Than by abstract impersonalities.

To him who asks the question, "what art thou ?"
 From each thing comes an answer, suitable
 In time and place and circumstance to him,—
 High, higher, highest, deep, or still more deep.
 First, by the first appearances men say
 Simply, "the sun arises in the East
 And down into his Western bed he goes ;

This, where I stand, is level to my feet
 And if I went to where he disappeared
 Down I should tumble o'er the horrid brink."

Then, afterwards, he finds the earth is round
 And whirls about its center and the sun ;
 First, made by God in six of our short days,
 And next, the days mean long, long periods,
 That a man's life-time would not serve to count,
 And this so solid world before men were
 Merely æriform with no life on it.

What are to me the strata of the globe ?
 Or when the simplest forms of life appeared ?
 Or what to me the record, deemed inspired,
 If in one sentence several meanings lie,
 Only the one most hidden being true ?

Geology cannot religion kill,
 Nor can creeds keep alive by written words
 In presence of the everlasting change
 In all things—nature, men, society.
 Only the spirit promised by the Lord—
 Only the loving voice from lips beloved
 Of mother, father, brother, teacher, priest,
 Of man by nature, Christian and just—
 As far as God's light in his being dwells—
 Can keep the true faith living in the heart
 Under what form soever men may choose,
 Exteriorly to worship here or there,
 In Europe, Asia or Africa,
 Under a roof of reeds, or dome of Gold—
 Or the sun-lit, cerulean canopy
 'Neath which, thro' hindrances and fears and hopes,
 Under God's prompting and high providence,
 For which our gratitude is ever due,
 Cristoforo Colombo—*carrier-dove*—
 Found this new Western world—Columbia.

